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hairs, while drunken revelers hailed us with
loud jests as we flashed across their
paths, and twice I fancied that the gleam-
ing muzzle of a firearm threatened us from
the dark of a boat. But so rapid was our
flight that half of the night was spent in
tumbling companion through the horrid tan-
gles, we must have seemed to all who met
us like a pair of spirits in shifting night shades,
now and again trembling for a second be-
tween them and the moon's pale light. At
last, however, we were free from the forest,
with a great gasp of relief and exultation,
I drew my companion into a decent thorn-
bush, and, with anxious glances, sought
for the man, which would lead me to what
I most needed.

There is no time to be lost, not one second,
said I to myself, and I started up. My com-
panion, with stately step, but of course, I
supposed, officer of the law, and I shrink back
at the thought of his passing the weight of
crime upon him, and I am almost seized.
Despair seizes on me; but hark! There comes
another feet. And see! There comes a be-

There was good sense in this, and I crept down stairs, and, meeting in the hall my gentle giant of a friend, I slipped on, and, shamefacedly, where I might have been, I took, once a bath, a change of clothes and a shower.

Again was I led forth, and once more we were knocking at people's doors, and once more did surly men peer at us through stinging little chinks, and by and by a half-dressed barber stood before us, mixing up cold lather and stropping a razor with a "You'll have to go from reassuring."

"You'll have to go from reassuring," he said, with unnecessary rudeness, pointing from me to a check-alike Fred who had come to handgrips, and then he stripped them from me with no gentle hand and fell at his work.

"Be careful of that jaw," I said, heavily, and, as I thought, "I must have gone to sleep, for, though I remember the barber, he snappishly "Which jaw." I remember the barber, and I remember a sudden application of my hand to a check-alike Fred who had brought me to myself with a moan of pain.

[illegible]

He then the latter confronted with a look before that Flo She is more. She is trying to meet her brother, and my "meet your wife." I gasped out, must have come the last defiance of my brother's mouth of y. I was to identify you, I friendly, but I straws, and the rumbling charge in I peered as I half tried; but she would when I murmured, and her face away driver which set

prezide. A full-length figure of a doll-like plucked lady in stiff court dress, has just stuck a stiff little rose from a still stiff for ornamental basket of flowers, while all around her is the palpably artificial park scenery that recedes to the forest of Versailles in Louis XIV's reign. The picture is well painted, however, and its style is not so stiff as the other times; what is to us only quaint affectation was to its contemporaries a stately and classic presentation of court life.

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Since Mr. Edward Siebert has reopened his studio at 1029½ Pennsylvania avenue he has been working very hard and has produced several pictures which will, beyond question, come as a surprise both to those who have been constant admirers of his work and to those who have felt that he was too tightly bound up in the pursuit of realism for the sake of realism. No one who has seen his work in the past can accurately draughtsmen than Mr. Siebert.

and, of course, by the Mohammed-
whom there were quite a number in
her part of the country.

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Just Caught a Glaspae.
Bites.

"By-the-way, who is the lady that
you saw we left the carriage?"
"Yes. The one with the black silk
and rose pattern, a black silk waist,
a collar with silver clasp, tan coat
with purple tips, carrying a silken
card case?"
"Yes."
"—I don't know. I just caught a
of her."

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Our Language.
Philadelpia Record.

"Why, a playwright is a man
who plays, isn't he?"
"Yes. Father—'Yes, my son.'"
"—Then is a wheelwright a man
who bicycles news?"

A full-length figure of a lady in a long dress, a corsage, a tall, thin rose from a decorative basket of flowers, and a small bouquet of flowers are the palpably artificial details that recall the well-known painting of the same name by the English Impressionist painter, J.M.W. Turner. The painting is well painted, however, and the figures are realistic. The figures are only those of the painting, and the figures are not to us only quaint affects, but contemporaries a stately representation of court life.

Mr. Edward Siebert has a studio at 1025 1/2 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., and is working very hard and painting several pictures which will be shown at the exhibition. He has come as a surprise both to the public and to the artists, and to those who have felt that he was tightly bound up in the painting of the same name. He is a realist, and for the sake of realism, he is a draughtsman than Mr. Turner.

Some Common Errors as to the Varieties of Meats Consumed.

laymen, and, of course, by the Mohammedans, of whom there are quite a number in the northern part of the country.

♦♦♦

Just Caught a Glimpe.

From Tit-Bits.

Papa—"By-the-way, who is the lady that bowed to us as we left the carriage?"

Dorothy—"The one with the black silk skirt, the rose petals and the plaid silk waist, purple collarette with silver clasp, tan coat-black hat with purple tips, carrying a silver-vertumme 'card case'?"

Faça—"Yes."

Dorothy—"I don't know. I just caught a glimpse of her."

♦♦♦

Our Language.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Tommy—"Pop, a playwright is a man who writes plays, isn't he?"

Tommy's Father—"Yes, my son."

Tommy—"Then is a wheelwright a man who writes bicycle news?"

Papa—"By-the-way, who is the lady that bowed to us as we left the carriage?"

Dorothy—"The one with the black silk skirt, a rose petticoat, plaid silk waist, purple collarette with silver clasp, tan coat, black hat with purple tips, carrying a silver-trimmed cane case?"

Papa—"Yes."

Dorothy—"I don't know. I just caught a glimpse of her."

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